

Widespread Panic, Counting Train Cars

Remember watching children play
Ring-around-the roses
Tiny electrons circling in neutral ground
So much gravity, in gravity

Boys in bars, they stir their drinks
Clockwise while the ladies dance
Bodies and thoughts constantly in motion
Oh, what a time to think of mom
Counting train cars

This is a place called paradise
Make the fist that holds the paintbrush
Take your open hand and roll the dice
The trains will pass and the pups will rush

Walk outside, stare down the sky
Stars are fixed and so am I
Grand illusions constantly in motion
Oh what a time for gravity, counting train cars

Another day in paradise
Counting train cars
Another day of gravity
Counting train cars